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*From Dr. S. A. Green  
Aug. 1886*

*Dr. S. A. Green*

# CENTENNIAL

OF THE

BOSTON PIER, OR THE LONG  
WHARF CORPORATION.



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WHARF CORPORATION.

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1873.

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CAMBRIDGE :  
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

1873.

IN compliance with the request of many of the Proprietors, that the proceedings of the Corporation's Celebration at the Parker House, in Boston, on the 16th day of April, 1873, should be published and distributed to the Proprietors, the Committee present this pamphlet.

## CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.



AT the annual meeting of the BOSTON PIER or LONG WHARF CORPORATION, on the 9th of April, 1873, after the election of the following officers for the year, viz.:—

|                             |                        |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>President</i> . . . . .  | THOMAS LAMB,           |
|                             | { GEORGE WM. PHILLIPS, |
|                             | { SAMUEL H. RUSSELL,   |
| <i>Directors</i> . . . . .  | { NATHANIEL GODDARD,   |
|                             | { CHARLES F. SHIMMIN,  |
|                             | { LEMUEL SHAW,         |
| <i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .  | LEMUEL SHAW,           |
| <i>Clerk</i> . . . . .      | ANDREW C. FEARING, JR. |
| <i>Wharfinger</i> . . . . . | BAILEY LORING,         |

A committee, consisting of

|              |                     |
|--------------|---------------------|
| THOMAS LAMB, | SAMUEL H. RUSSELL,  |
| LEMUEL SHAW, | CHARLES F. SHIMMIN, |

was appointed to make the needful arrangements for a Centennial Celebration of the Proprietors.

## CARD OF INVITATION.

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*The President and Directors of Boston Pier, or the  
Long Wharf, request the honor of*

*company at dinner at the Parker House, April 16th, at five  
o'clock, to celebrate the One hundredth anniversary of the Cor-  
poration.*

### COMMITTEE.

THOMAS LAMB.

CHARLES F. SHIMMIN.

LEMUEL SHAW.

SAMUEL H. RUSSELL.

*The committee beg the favor of an early reply in writing,  
addressed to*

SAMUEL H. RUSSELL,  
13 Doane Street.

# BILL OF FARE.

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## OYSTERS ON SHELL.

Chateau de Maille Sauterne.

## Soup.

Green Turtle.

A la Julienne.

Club Pale Sherry.

## Fish.

Salmon, Hollandise Sauce.

Sandwich Trout, à la Maître.

Hockheimer Auslese.

## Removes.

Boiled Capons with Truffles, Cream Sauce. Boiled Saddle of Virginia  
Mutton. Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce. Roast Fillet  
of Beef, Champignons.

Champagne.

Dry Sillery.

Veuve Cliquot.

## Entrées.

Sweet Breads, with French Peas.

Pâté Chaud, à la Financiere.

Mutton Cutlets, Soubise Sauce.

Terrapin, à la Crème.

## Relèves.

Galatine of Turkey.

Pâté de Foie Gras, au Gelée.

Roman Punch.

## Game.

Canvas-Back Duck.

Brandt.

English Snipe.

Claret.

Pomys d'Estournal.

Chateau Mouton.

## Pastry.

Souffles. Charlotte Russe. Wine Jellies. Biscuit Glace. Naples Ices.  
Pistachio Meringues.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE, with QUEEN OLIVES.

## Dessert.

Bananas. Malaga Grapes. Pears. Oranges. Prunes.

Almonds. Walnuts. Fruit Water Ices. Raisins.

Candied Fruits, Strawberries. Ice Creams.

## COFFEE.

Sherry.

Imperial Amontillado.

Cabinet Pale.

CHARTERUSE.



Grace having been asked by the Rev. S. K. LOTHROP, the company partook of the excellent dinner. After which, the President spoke as follows:—

REMARKS OF THOMAS LAMB.

GENTLEMEN,—We have met to-day in celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the incorporation of the BOSTON PIER or LONG WHARF.

It is my privilege to make a few introductory remarks in relation to this old proprietary, — really older than this declaration declares, for its inception was in the year 1673 (about forty years after the purchase of the peninsular of William Blackstone, for a town), and one hundred years prior to its charter from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At that time the town of Boston conveyed our locality to individual proprietors upon condition "of their building a sea-wall suitable for the mounting of guns for the defence of the town, and known as the 'Barricado.'"

These proprietors, their heirs and assigns, obtained a charter from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1772, — the commencement of the Centennial which we are now celebrating.

Our proprietary is thus, in fact, the oldest establishment in our Commonwealth, aside from our municipalities and Harvard College; and I believe the Scots Charitable Society, the Massachusetts Charitable Society, the Boston Marine Society, and the Salem Marine Society are our only predecessors in Centennial Celebrations.

It is not my intention to enter into details of history or incidents connected with this "Pier." They are well related in the Histories of Boston, in reference to its early struggles with our mother country, both before and after our Declaration of Independence.

The original motive for the building of the "Pier" by the proprietors was no doubt of a twofold character, — that it would become remunerative as property, and that it would be an important aid in protecting the property of the town. This last inducement is apparent in the conditions connected with the grants of the town to the original proprietors.

I believe there never was occasion to fire any of the Barricado guns against an enemy. The British never came within our harbor as an enemy (being here at the time of the Revolution, they took their departure on the invitation of Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights), and the Dutch thought the Yankees a little too lively for them to fight.

The "Pier" was never more frequented by our citizens than it was during the last war with England in 1813. Many of our naval ships were at the anchorage ground in our harbor, and Long Wharf was the place for the landing and departure of the officers and men. The desire to see these heroes, who were almost worshipped as the gallant defenders of their country's rights, kept the wharf filled with our people anxiously excited.

The Long Wharf has been very much shortened within the past thirty years, from the building on what was its dock of the "United States Custom House," and the "State Street block of stores;" and also from the building on its north dock of a block of stores, under a sale and transfer of it to the late Hon. Josiah Quincy.

These changes have been for the profit of the proprietors as well as beneficial to the purchasers and ornamental to our city. It is very desirable that the same course, having reference to utility and good looks, should be continued by our city's opening "Commerce Street," and allowing our Corporation and others to cover their adjacent lands with

valuable buildings. I will offer the following sentiment: —

“May the Long Wharf Corporation continue to be prosperous, useful to the public, and beneficial to our city.”

The President announced the following sentiment: —

“*The City of Boston*: May it always retain its past and present character for patriotism, for industry, and for good government.”

The response of his Honor the Mayor, H. L. PIERCE, was in all respects worthy of him, and of his approval of the sentiments to which he replied, as well as to the occasion which he honored with his presence. As there was no reporter present, his remarks cannot be given as they were uttered; and his constant application to his arduous duties has prevented his favoring us with his recollection of them for the purpose of this record.

The President then proposed the following sentiment: —

“The President of the United States,”

which was responded to by Collector Russell.

#### REMARKS OF HON. THOMAS RUSSELL.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I always respond to that sentiment with pleasure; and it is especially pleasant to be here, and witness the blossoming of this Century Plant of Boston. It certainly has not been a Night-blooming Cereus at this end of the table. Any thing that has endured a hundred years in America is a matter of interest. I well recollect

that our friend Dr. Lothrop, at a dinner of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery in Faneuil Hall, once fell into this strain of remark, and with his usual fervid eloquence cried out, "How have they endured these two hundred and thirty years, what *is* it that keeps them together?" and an impertinent voice answered, "Rum."

But this has not been the element of your success. It was not with Dutch courage that your Barricado repelled the Dutch. Not by new rum, but by the good old waters of Boston Harbor, has your stock been floated (it never was watered). Your chronicles are venerable, your profits are respectable. But why, at a meeting of the proprietors of Boston Pier, should I be called to speak for a man who has no peer?

One thing we would all like to say to President Grant just now. I should use about the same words that Father Taylor used, when I was first appointed as Judge: "My son," said he, "when you get hold of a sailor boarding-house runner, do him justice before you show him mercy." This was for the men who rob "poor Jack." I would apply it to Capt. Jack himself. If the matter were not too serious, I would quote Mrs. Partington, who is reported to have said that the Modoc claret ought to be tapped.

Yet there is no reason for decrying the "Indian policy" of the last four years,—so much better than the "rye and Indian" policy of past days (whiskey and cruelty). There is no reason for turning Modocs ourselves; and, if we had failed in trying a course of peace and justice, it would be better than not to have tried at all.

We may well honor the President to-night as the friend of commerce. Here, among the successors of those who thrust that long arm into the waters of our harbor to welcome and shelter the vessels from all shores, commerce is a great name. And I love to recall the fact that the interests

of our languishing commerce were remembered by the President in his Inaugural Message, in his first Annual Message, and again when the European war gave the United States an opportunity. It is no fault of his that the last Congress paid little heed to his advice. They had business of their own to transact. And when that business was finished, we saw them

“Fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away.”

And now, when the ship-yards of Maine and Massachusetts are once more beginning to be musical with the sound of well-paid labor, — now that Commerce once more lifts her head, — Congress has a right to the boast —

“Thou canst not say I did it.”

All the more honor to the President, who born in one Western State, and reared in another, and transplanted to a third, yet cares for the interests of the East, and remembers the toilers by the sea. Honor to him, whose fame was gained in war, but who never forgets the duties of Peace.

There is one bond of sympathy between the mercantile community and such a man as General Grant. The soul of commerce is integrity. And the staple of President Grant's character is straightforward, simple truth. This quality of his sometimes puzzles the politicians. It is just like him to appoint as Secretary of the Treasury a man who never was in Congress, who never made a speech, and whose only fitness for the office is that he is honest, that he is industrious, and that he is master of that branch of business. It takes some people six weeks to believe that such a man is really in that office. It will take them six months to learn that they can't drive him out.

Mercantile honesty, as we love to believe, is peculiarly dear to the business men of Boston. Let me give you an illustration. You have no idea of the exigencies of a col-

lector's official life. I often think of the boatswain who was reproved for swearing. And when he replied that he often heard the officers swear, he was told that they only swore in cases of emergency. "But," said he, "a boatswain's life is a constant state of 'mergency." So it is with the Collector of the Port. But the most emergent case that I ever knew was that of a venerable merchant, whom you all know, and who demanded that certain records should be produced at once. For, he said, a former agent had cheated him, and he believed he had cheated the government too. He had given this agent money to pay duties on his importations seven years ago, and he feared it had remained in the agent's pocket. The records were found, and the facts appeared. Now, mark: the merchant had parted with his money; seven years had elapsed; the government had never heard of their loss, and probably never would. But this honest man couldn't rest till he had informed of himself, and paid every dollar of the debt. We wanted just such men as mayors and citizens of Boston. So we annexed Dorchester, and with it we took Marshall P. Wilder.

And General Grant, the persistent and the unconquerable, may well sympathize with commercial enterprise, — with what we love to call, in our self-contented way, Boston enterprise. This municipal patriotism of ours, as I have had occasion to say before, has its ludicrous side: we will join the aliens of other cities in their laugh at our expense now and then. But our pride has its grand side, also. It is grand when it fronts calamity, and contracts for new and more elegant warehouses, while the flames are rioting among the ruins of the old, and scorns the idea that any thing can long check the prosperity of our city. This is the spirit that smiles at misfortune, and defies fate, —

"And when the whole world turns to coal,  
Then chiefly lives."

Commercial enterprise is sometimes pushed too far, even here. At least, I judged so from some remarks of a colored brother at a recent prayer-meeting on "the hill." "I had a dream the other night," said the exhorter, "a vision in the night watches. I thought I saw a great ship wrecked on the shore, with hundreds of passengers on board. And every wave rolled over them. And then I saw Brother HALE come to the shore with a life-preserver; and I said, 'Bless the Lord, some of those poor souls will be saved!' And he reached the ship, and leaped from the bulwarks, and I saw him swimming to the shore, *with a bale of goods under each arm*, shouting, 'I'm glad salvation's free.'"

I make haste to say that such error is not a common fault with Boston merchants. Their prompt humanity gives to the service of the needy more than a tithe of the treasures won from the sea. Our people have been called "close-fisted Yankees." And in the presence of the armed enemies of their country they are indeed "close-fisted;" but, when charity appeals to them, their hands are open as the day. Integrity, enterprise, humanity: may these be the landmarks of old Boston so long as the tide ebbs and flows in her harbor.

The President offered the following sentiment:—

*"Our Harbor: Nature's best endowment to our city."*

The Hon. Josiah Quincy was called upon.

#### REMARKS OF HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.

MR. PRESIDENT, —I feel highly honored at being invited to celebrate with you the two hundredth anniversary of one of the oldest military works, and the hundredth of the incorporation of one of the oldest harbor improvements in our land. The changes of two hundred years in the

civil, political, military, and economic relations of our land would require volumes to record them. In 1673 Charles the Second was on the throne, the stipendiary and the vassal of the French monarch. At his bidding, he had involved England in war with Holland. Like the third Napoleon, he was unprepared. His flatterers and his courtesans had appropriated the money intended for the navy to their own indulgences; the cannon of De Ruyter and Van Tromp were heard within the walls of London; and the smoking remains of the fleet at Chatham made the trembling Royalists wish again for the head and the arm of Oliver Cromwell, the greatest sovereign who ever ruled over Great Britain. On this side of the water a few thousand of his Puritan followers were located on these shores. With the spirit of the old Roundheads, they prepared to ward off the power that had alarmed London and recaptured New York. They were a mercantile people, their wealth consisted in small vessels. To protect these, they erected the Barricado. This was far within the low-water line, but was in sufficient depth at high tide to enable their little vessels to retire behind it in case of danger, and placed upon it cannon to protect them. Either their insignificance or their warlike preparation prevented an attack, and the Barricado rotted away, leaving, within the recollection of some, island wharves, one of which became part of what a century after was incorporated as the Boston Pier or Long Wharf. In 1773 a great change had taken place; and the eighteen thousand inhabitants of the town suffered, not from fear of the Dutch, but under the tyranny of England. During that year the Hutchinson letters were returned, the tea was thrown overboard, and other acts performed that led to the closing of Boston Harbor by the Port Bill, and ultimately to the Revolution. It was the day of small things. John Adams, in his Journal, speaks of the wealth of a Mr. Pem-



berton, who entertained his friends handsomely twice a week on an income of two hundred pounds, or about one thousand dollars a year. You, Mr. President, could not furnish such an entertainment as we see before us once a week during the year for twice the amount.

So much concerning the past. In locating the Barri-cado, our fathers built wiser than they knew. An amicable rivalry has always existed between our city and our prosperous neighbor, ever since the time when, according to their great historian, Diedricht Knickerbocker, the Yanokies had pushed their onion patches so near them that the eyes of the Dutchmen filled with tears whenever they looked towards New England. Having the advantage of their noble river, which for two centuries was almost the only adequate means of transportation between the sea-coast and the interior, they far exceeded us and became the acknowledged emporium of the continent. Steam and the railroad have caused a great change in our relations. For thirty years railroads, radiating in every direction, poured thousands of passengers into the city, but not one of them reached deep water. The moment that that was done, commerce revived, and Boston entered on a career of prosperity that left but little to be desired. One essential of that prosperity was, that all the railroads terminating on the different sides of the city should have a wide avenue connecting them with one another and all the wharves in the city. And the line of the Barricado became the Atlantic Avenue. And I will conclude by wishing that one of the earliest defences and the first great improvement in Boston Harbor may for two hundred years more conduce to the safety and prosperity of the city and the wealth of their proprietors.

The President read the following sentiment: —

*"The Massachusetts Historical Society: Venerable for its age, and highly interesting for its records of the learned and distinguished men of our community in the past and in the present."*

The Hon. George S. Hillard was called on to respond.

REMARKS OF HON. GEORGE S. HILLARD.

When I look around me, Mr. President, and see what members of the Massachusetts Historical Society are here, I am reminded by your calling on me of what was said by the mother of Brasidas, when her son was praised, — "Sparta has many a worthier son than he."

But I thank you for giving me the privilege of being here to-night, at the Centennial Anniversary of your Corporation. I feel an interest in any thing which has lasted a hundred years. I am glad that I live in a city which has chords of feeling and sympathy stretching back over a hundred years; for I believe in the "strength of backward-looking thoughts." It was not my privilege to be born in Boston, but I was early grafted upon that trunk and had the benefit of its vigorous sap. I have lived here over fifty years, and thus have the right to celebrate my golden wedding with Boston.

Not that Boston is so very old a place when compared with the age of the world; but the sentiment of antiquity is one thing, and the fact of antiquity is another. My friend on my right (Mr. Quincy) tells me that his daughter now lives in a South American city which was founded before most of the Pilgrim Fathers were born. I remember reading an anecdote of a young American in Florence, who was showing his Italian teacher a scrap from an American newspaper, headed "American Antiquities," and telling of

something that had been dug up at Plymouth which bore the date of 1645 ; and his teacher, with a smile, told him that every house he could see from his window had been built more than a hundred years before that time.

But the life of the individual man is not to be measured by the number of years carved upon his tombstone, but by the amount of his thoughts, his deeds, his emotions. And it is the same with communities and nations. When we compare our country as it is to-day with what it was a hundred years ago, — when we compare the Boston of to-day with the Boston of 1773, and measure the prodigious progress that has been made, — the earlier period seems very remote, and all the moral effect of antiquity is secured to us.

The people of Boston, and the people of Massachusetts generally, have a strong feeling of local attachment, and are proud of their peculiar possessions and privileges. We are all, for instance, very proud of Plymouth Rock, — we talk and write a good deal about it. The mention of it always strikes a sympathetic and responsive chord in our breasts. There may be a touch of weakness in this. The weakness and the strength of human nature are sometimes strongly interwoven. Certainly it presents to a jeering and mocking spirit a ludicrous aspect, and the opportunity has not been lost. But let us not give it up, — not one jot or tittle of it. From this source — call it weakness or call it strength — comes the power which meets with a calm front the flames of the stake and the blazing lines of battle.

There were two men in the latter half of the last century, born at an interval of about eleven years apart, in different countries, and reared under different conditions and influences, and putting forth their powers in different directions, who were, however, much alike in this feeling of strong local attachment ; and these were Walter Scott and Daniel Webster. I suppose no one has ever visited Abbots-

ford and the neighboring country without a feeling of disappointment at the tameness of the landscape around it, and the absence of any thing like either grandeur or beauty. And yet Scott loved that region with a strong and passionate love. So the region around the place of Mr. Webster's birth is not very beautiful or striking, and yet Mr. Webster was attached to it by ties which grew stronger as he grew older.

This element of strong local attachment colored the lives and minds of both these men. I need not say to you what a charm it gives to the writings of Scott, and you will find a similar grace in many of Mr. Webster's private letters. And certainly no one would esteem it a weakness in either of them.

I am reminded on this occasion of one from my relatives, to whom, being his kinsman and legal representative, I suppose I have the pleasure of being here to-night. I mean the late James Savage: how he would have enjoyed this gathering! He was a loving son of Boston, and his heart warmed to every thing that belonged to her; and he was one to whom the past history of Boston was full of interest. The very east winds that blew here found favor in his eyes, for they were a Boston institution. I said how he would have delighted in being here with us this evening; but if it be permitted to spirits that have passed into higher and purer regions to retain the interests and affections of this lower sphere,—if emotions born of earth can be transmitted to heaven,—we may be sure that he is here in spirit, and sharing in the feelings of this hour and this place.

I am sure you will permit me to offer as a sentiment,—

“The Memory of James Savage.”

The President proposed the following sentiment: —

*"The Poetry of Boston Pier: Good dividends."*

Dr. O. W. Holmes was called upon to confirm this sentiment.

#### REMARKS OF DR. O. W. HOLMES.

I have occasionally been invited, Mr. President, to appear at a banquet where I had reason to suspect I was counted on for a few verses, or something of that nature, to justify a committee for sending me an invitation. But to-night, I am happy to say, I am here in my own right as a proprietor of Boston Pier. I am present as a host, and not as a guest.

My inheritance in that venerable piece of property comes to me from two generations certainly, probably from three. We have all heard, and we have been this evening reminded, how our late honored co-proprietor, Mr. James Savage, looked upon his Long Wharf property, and of the special disposition he made of it in his will. It may not be out of place for me to mention that my own grandfather, whose name I bear, and who died in 1818, also made a particular and exceptional bequest of his Long Wharf property. It had probably come to him from his father, Colonel Jacob Wendell, and he considered it an heirloom, to be carefully cherished, like the "Luck of Edenhall;" a nest-egg, not to be made a commercial omelet of; a possession not to be parted with, short of the grave or the almshouse.

I have another association, not without its interest to myself, with this old possession of a fraction of Boston Pier.

When I was a boy, living in the remote village of Cambridge, maintaining its intercourse with the town of Boston,

then a place of some forty thousand inhabitants, by a stage-coach running twice a day, my father used to bring home accounts of a certain festival he was in the habit of attending; namely, the Annual Dinner of the Proprietors of Long Wharf.

These dinners were given, if I remember right, at the Exchange Coffee House, and probably were such as did credit to the establishment, for it was a point to have the first salmon of the season on the table; and the accounts brought back from them excited not a little my boyish admiration and appetite.

It gives me great pleasure, you may well suppose, Mr. President and gentlemen, to be here this evening, and to see two sons of mine at the other end of the table. I hope they will succeed their father and their grand and great-grand and great-great-grand parents, as owners of an interest in this fraction of our globe, which was not formed when "heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is," were called out of chaos, but which, compared to the new land on which they and I live, might almost be called antediluvian.

And now for the inevitable manuscript to which these few remarks are the prelude:—

Dear friends, we are strangers; we never before  
Have suspected what love to each other we bore;  
But each of us all to his neighbor is dear,  
Whose heart has a throb for our time-honored pier.

As I look on each brother proprietor's face,  
I could open my arms in a loving embrace;  
What wonder that feelings, undreamed of so long,  
Should burst all at once in a blossom of song?

While I turn my fond glance on the monarch of piers,  
Whose throne has stood firm through his eight score of years,  
My thought travels backward, and reaches the day  
When they drove the first pile on the edge of the bay.

See ! The joiner, the shipwright, the smith from his forge,  
 The red-coat, who shoulders his gun for King George,  
 The shopman, the 'prentice, the boys from the lane,  
 The parson, the doctor, with gold-headed cane,

Come trooping down King Street, where now may be seen  
 The pulleys and ropes of a mighty machine ;  
 The weight rises slowly ; it drops with a thud ;  
 And, lo ! the great timber sinks deep in the mud !

They are gone, the stout craftsmen that hammered the piles,  
 And the square-toed old boys in the three-cornered tiles ;  
 The breeches, the buckles, have faded from view,  
 And the parson's white wig and the ribbon-tied queue.

The red-coats have vanished ; the last grenadier  
 Stepped into the boat from the end of our pier ;  
 They found that our hills were not easy to climb,  
 And the order came, "Counter-march, double-quick time !"

They are gone, friend and foe, — anchored fast at the pier,  
 Whence no vessel brings back its pale passengers here ;  
 But their wharf, like a lily, still floats on the flood,  
 Its breast in the sunshine, its roots in the mud.

Who — who that has loved it so long and so well —  
 The flower of his birthright would barter or sell ?  
 No : pride of the bay, while its ripples shall run,  
 You shall pass, as an heirloom, from father to son !

Let me part with the acres my grandfather bought,  
 With the bonds that my uncle's kind legacy brought,  
 With my bank-shares, — old Union, whose ten per cent stock  
 Stands stiff through the storms as the Eddystone rock ;

With my rights (or my wrongs) in the Erie, — alas !  
 With my claims on the mournful and Mutual Mass. ;  
 With my Phil. Wil, and Balt., with my C. B. and Q. ;  
 But I never, no never, will sell out of you.

We drink to thy past and thy future to-day,  
 Strong right arm of Boston, stretched out o'er the bay.  
 May the winds waft the wealth of all nations to thee,  
 And thy dividends flow like the waves of the sea !

The President proposed the following sentiment: —

*"The Great Cities of the West:* Not rivals, but co-workers. We are brought nearer every day by the bonds of sympathy and common interests."

The Rev. Dr. Eliot, of St. Louis, who was obliged to leave the company before the speaking commenced, left the following response to this sentiment: —

#### REMARKS OF REV. DR. ELIOT.

It may seem presumptuous for me, who am only a clergyman and teacher, to respond to a sentiment which ought to be answered by a merchant or business man. But fortunately I was elected, a few weeks ago, an honorary member of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, so that you may fairly admit me, for a half hour at least, as one of your honored and honorable body.

When I went westward, thirty-eight years ago, there were no "great cities of the West;" but, among those which are now great, St. Louis was the least, — Pittsburg, Buffalo, Detroit, Louisville, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

I do not name Chicago, for at that time Chicago was not. It was a sort of cross between an Indian fort and a mud-puddle. Now, rising with indomitable energy, a literal Phoenix from the fire, it is becoming one of the most beautiful cities of the world, and contains 400,000 inhabitants.

Among the rest, St. Louis was the smallest, least known, and most insignificant. In 1830 it contained 5,840 people, and has doubled every seven years from that time to this. In 1864 it had 165,000; in 1870, 313,000; and in the present month, by census just closed, it numbers 428,000.

Thirty-eight years ago, we imported from Eastern States our bacon and flour and furniture and every thing else. Now Missouri stands, by United States census of 1870, the



fifth manufacturing State; and St. Louis is the third manufacturing city, ranking Boston itself in this great interest, New York city and Philadelphia alone standing before us. Yet our manufactories are all new, our resources are not half developed, our race scarcely begun. With 15,000 miles of river communication, and direct, continuous railroad connection already established, with St. Paul and Omaha, and Denver City and Cheyenne, and San Francisco, with Galveston and New Orleans and Mobile and all the great Eastern cities to the extreme "Down-East," we expect and promise to do more in the future than in the past.

By what agency and by whose help? We may sometimes say by our own right hands, and as the result of our unequalled natural advantages. But we may trace no small part of our progress to New England energy, to Yankee immigration, and to the commercial enterprise of Boston merchants.

All social interests depend upon industry and education, and in these we have ever looked to the example and inspiration of the old Bay State.

About thirty-five years ago our Board of Public Schools sent a committee to select a dozen Yankee teachers from this neighborhood, and that was the proper beginning of our Public School system there, of which I can truly say that, if in thoroughness and efficiency it is second to that of any other city, it is only to that of Boston. It is my firm belief that it was by the public schools of St. Louis, by their influence of twenty-five years, that St. Louis and Missouri were saved to the Union when the great struggle came.

We are still striving to emulate Boston in this great work; and, to keep the parallel good, are laboring to establish our Harvard University there, — that is, a University which may

do for the Valley of the Mississippi what Harvard has done and is doing for you here.

What Harvard has done and is doing! Gentlemen, do you know, do you understand, do you fully appreciate what that is? What Harvard is doing for Boston, for New England, for the United States! Sometimes you must go to a distance to see things in their true proportions, and at 1,200 miles I think we may see them more truly than you can see them here. I know you are proud of Harvard. It bears a merchant's name and has been reared by merchants' gifts, and no man dies with honor who does not remember Harvard in his will. Yet I venture to say that not half the truth is known, and you do not reckon the debt due to Harvard at one-half its real amount. If you did, the year would not pass without its prosperity and working strength being doubled! Not \$200,000 to make up the remaining losses from the Boston fire, but two millions, would find its willing and welcome way there, to make Harvard University what it ought to be, the mother of colleges and the educator of the nation.

With unequal steps, we in St. Louis are striving to do some university work. We, too, look to the merchants to build us up, and to the manufacturers who, with us, belong substantially to the same class. Education is the great bond of union and the basis of national prosperity. It is an expensive attainment, and the cost of it comes from the merchants' purse; but, gentlemen, whether you consider it in a moral, intellectual, social, or financial point of view, there is no other investment that pays half as well.

The President remarked: We have with us Doctors of Divinity, Doctors of Law, and Doctors of Medicine, from all of whom we take advice. I propose —

“The Professions.”

The Rev. Dr. Lothrop will respond.

## REMARKS OF REV. DR. LOTHROP.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN, — I am taken by surprise. I had agreed to speak for my friend, the learned judge on my left, in case he should be called up; and I think it highly probable that, under the inspiration of speaking for him, I might have made a very good speech. But, called up and constrained to speak for myself as a Doctor of Divinity, I am doubtful about the result. However, sir, I thank you for your complimentary allusion to the D.D.'s, and I thank you and your colleagues for the kind invitation which has given me the pleasure of being present at this interesting anniversary. Any thing that survives for a century, and holds its own, and keeps its place amid all the changes of earth and time that a century brings with it, shows that it has a right to be, and becomes an object of earnest interest; and so this venerable Corporation of the Boston Pier or Long Wharf, first chartered under the Colonial Government, older than our present august and gigantic nationality, full of years, and of a usefulness and success greater even than its years, — this Corporation may rightfully give emphasis to its one hundredth birthday, and from this eminence or vantage-point in its career look back upon the past with grateful satisfaction, and forward into the future with encouragement, resolution, and hope.

Mr. President, I share in the sympathy and interest awakened by the historic associations and memories connected with this Corporation, to which allusion has been made; and were the outer end of the Boston Pier or Long Wharf a sentient, thinking being, capable of speech, I should like to put a few questions, have a little conversation with her. I should like to ask her how she felt in the days of her infancy, when she found herself far out there on the borders of the harbor channel formed by the Mystic and

Charles Rivers, and seemed to the short quays and wharves around to intimate an intention of walking over to one of the islands, or, if possible, of stretching down below the lighthouse. I would like to ask her whether, shortly after she assumed her station, she felt her majesty insulted, or shared in the general joy, when she looked back over her right shoulder and saw the Boston Tea-Party at Griffin's, now Liverpool Wharf, converting the harbor into a gigantic teapot, of whose contents however no one would partake. I would like to ask her how she felt when the troops destined to attack the American redoubt on Bunker's Hill embarked in boats from her side, and whether the roar of that conflict was music to her ear; and whether she was glad or sullen, a few months after, when the breastworks on Dorchester Heights loomed up before her in the morning light, and soon she saw the British Lion slink away before the flag of the American Union, and the British ships depart, carrying with them the British soldiers and such of the Tory citizens as chose to go with them. Again, I would like to ask her how she felt some thirty years after this when the embargo left the ships rotting at her sides, and she seemed a sort of useless piece of furniture for a commerce paralyzed or destroyed; and, further, I should like to inquire whether she did not feel a little proud some ten or fifteen years after the embargo and the war of 1812, when her old mother, Boston, became prominent in the East India trade and that of our North-west coast, and monster ships, as they were then thought, of three or four hundred tons' burden, landed at her sides noble cargoes of Canton silks and teas, or thousands of hides to serve as the basis of that largest and most productive of Massachusetts manufactures, the boot and shoe trade. And I would like to know, also, how she felt — whether she was most stunned, or frightened, or disgusted — when the negro, Read, steward

of the Canton packet, owned by J. & T. H. Perkins, and then in the stream nearly ready to sail, — mad because he was left in charge of the ship, and not permitted to go ashore and participate in the saturnalia of the artillery election, — blew it up with two casks of powder that were on board, scattering large portions of the cargo on the waters, and sending his own dismembered body no one ever precisely ascertaining where.

Again, I would like to ascertain her emotions when, some thirty-three years ago, she saw the first Trans-Atlantic steamship come snorting up the harbor against wind and tide; and whether it was a mortification or relief to her to see that noble steamer, instead of coming straight to her outstretched arm, turn aside to a grand and goodly dock prepared for her at East Boston, or Noddles Island as her infant vocabulary would have called it. Further, I would like to know whether she was not a little bit angry, seeing nothing like it had ever been done for her, when about 1844 or 1845, the harbor being one mass of ice down to the Castle and a little beyond, a thousand men were employed, and in forty-eight or sixty hours a sufficiently broad and noble channel was cut through the ice, that one of those steamships might depart on time, and bear across the Atlantic and publish to the world this testimony to the commercial energy and enterprise of Boston. Again, as she remembers that in the days of her infancy State Street was the head of Long Wharf, and recollects probably the late Mr. De Grand's exultant exclamation when the first railroad west reached the heart of the Commonwealth, — viz., "that Worcester was now the head of Long Wharf," — I should like to ask her how she feels now, when she has half a dozen heads, — Ogdensburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and San Francisco, — and finds that some of the silks and the teas, and the various merchandise that used to

come to her by ships from the East, is now brought to her by railroads from the West ; and the traffic in this direction, large now, is to be largely increased so soon as the Hoosac Tunnel, through which we can almost see, is completed.

These are some of the questions I would like to put to that excellent old lady, Long Wharf, if she could only think and feel and speak. *She* cannot ; but *you*, sir, and your associates and the records of this Corporation, can speak for her ; the century itself can speak for her, and with all its mingled incidents tell of a wonderful and glorious progress, and present that progress, the changes of the past and the conditions of the present, as the indications of a future equally wonderful and glorious in the advancement to be made. I know, sir, that we are rather short-sighted creatures, that we cannot see far ahead. The fable of the frogs finds some fulfilment in us. They determined to find out what lay beyond the high hill that bounded their valley, and so they toiled up, hopping and panting all the way ; and when they got to the top, they stretched themselves up tiptoe on their hind legs, to see as much as they could, but having eyes only in the back of their heads they could see only the valley and the landscape over which they had travelled. It is something so with us. What is behind us, the past, is the only thing certain and clear. Yet there is force in Patrick Henry's famous words, "I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past ;" and, so judging, do we not feel that there is a glorious and progressive future before our city ? If we take a copy of Bouner's map, and look at this little peninsula and its surroundings as printed on that ; or go back to Winthrop's time, or beyond that, to the days when the Indian roamed unmolested, and his canoe was the only bark upon the waters of our bay, and then from some commanding height look down upon our present thronged city, upon its wharves,

ships, warehouses, and railroad depots, its churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, and varied institutions for the culture of art and science ; and if we cast our eyes upon the surrounding panorama of hills, and see them also crowned with schools, churches, comfortable dwellings, and a rich culture, — do we not feel that it presents a scene which Nature made beautiful at first, and which man has not marred, but made more beautiful and glorious by what he has introduced? And if we will but remember that the end of all this energy, enterprise, and material progress is not simply that we get rich and live luxuriously in costly houses, with gorgeous furniture and splendid equipages, but character, — such development of the faculties of an intellectual, moral, and religious nature, as shall make us useful and honorable here, and fit us for glory, honor, and immortality hereafter, — if we will but remember this, and adhere to it as the great end to be aimed at, is it not clear that, with all its increased facilities, our dear old city of Boston has a glorious future before it, and is destined to grow in wealth and population, in commercial, social, and moral power? Permit me in closing to give this sentiment.

*“Boston :* Let it adhere to the public spirit, energy, enterprise, the principles of integrity and religious faith that have hitherto marked it, and it must become a city great and glorious, a city set on a hill that cannot be hid.”

The President proposed: —

*“The Merchant :* The promoter of industry and of progress.”

The Hon. Alpheus Hardy was called on to respond.

#### REMARKS OF HON. ALPHEUS HARDY.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I have no speech to make. Having been for the most of the past forty-eight hours in the cars, and having arrived in this city too late even to meet you at

the beginning of this feast, I am unable suitably to respond to this toast, "The Merchants."

While I have no interest in the gold-tipped shares of Long Wharf Corporation, I have very distinct and vivid recollections of the wharf, dating back now forty-six years, when my youthful feet walked up that pier, then to me miles long. I well remember that long dock, lined with vessels, the New York packets' crossing jib-booms *afloat* where the Custom House now stands; the old firms, then the active business men of the times, whose names are interwoven in the history and prosperity of Boston. When I came to this city, City Wharf was a depot of oyster-shells, and all north of it inferior pile piers used mainly for lumber. Since then, all the noble stores north of Long Wharf have been erected; but, of them all, there are none, nor is there in this or any other city in the world, a block so noble and well adapted to heavy business purposes as the "State Street Block," built in part upon the Long Wharf property.

In selling the lots, this Corporation got the best of the bargain: the buyers got all they bought, and it was good; but they paid the full value, and made only a moderate investment. But, for all that, we are proud to have been associated with you, Mr. President, in the erection of a block of stores which are an ornament to our city, unequalled in their style, just proportions, and adaptation to general business. It was my privilege to suggest the name, "State Street Block." The history of Long Wharf is identified with the business history of Boston, — a history yet to be written, but one containing a record of a line of men as noble, as honest, as benevolent, as charitable, as Christian as any merchants of which any city can boast. Bright as is her past, Boston has a brighter future. The Tunnel completed, our railroads enlarged, our imports and exports must increase; and now that coal and labor have



advanced in England, so as to bring the cost of English-built ships near that of ours, we shall soon listen to the music of the hammer and the axe in our ship-yards. To speak of individual merchants, — of their peculiarities, heroism, magnanimity, and enterprise, — would lead me into a speech; and I close, thanking you, Mr. President, for the pleasure you have afforded me this evening, and wishing the Long Wharf Corporation in the future that success which has attended it in the past.

The President proposed the following toast: —

“The Historians of Boston,”

and called on the Hon. N. B. Shurtleff to respond to it.

REMARKS OF THE HON. N. B. SHURTLEFF.

MR. PRESIDENT, — I thank you for your kindness in inviting me to be present with the Proprietors of Boston Pier, or, as the structure which you represent is more commonly called by Bostonians, the Long Wharf. You name this a Centennial Celebration, because your charter was approved by Governor Hutchinson about one hundred years ago, on the 14th of July, 1772; yet I think you have a good right to call it a Bi-Centennial Celebration, for the old Barricado, which extended formerly from North Battery Wharf to the old sconce near Battery March Street, and which may fairly be considered as the origin of the Pier, was undertaken in the fall of 1673, just two hundred years ago. It may not be out of place, on this occasion, to mention that this curious construction of our fathers was about twenty-two hundred feet long, between the points above-mentioned, and passed over the position in the harbor of the old island wharves, so well remembered by elderly people, and the famous T, which of late years has

so largely extended its borders. Although this structure was built by a company of forty-one persons, each individually building his portion of it, nevertheless it was substantial and uniform, being about fifteen feet in height and twenty in breadth at top, and of sufficient strength to support heavy guns, and to serve as a breast-work in case of inimical harbor attacks. In the olden time, it served very well for the purpose of a dock, large openings having been left for the passage of vessels. The present Atlantic Avenue, the resolve and order for the laying out of which were approved by the Mayor on the 18th of December, 1868, marks the site of the old Barricado, which, in course of time, became useless, as neither the Dutch nor other hostile vessels ever dared to molest Boston before the days of the American Revolution, and gradually fell into decay, and was removed.

It is pleasant to be here in this company, as the original Proprietors of the Pier are largely represented by their descendants to-day. The old merchants of Boston are here personified by many who bear their names, follow their pursuits, and honor their memories. I think I can point out some through whose veins flows the blood of the excellent Major-General John Leverett, who built the first batteries and afterwards served the colony so well as Governor. There are descendants here of Captain Oliver Noyes, who was foremost in building the Long Wharf; of Andrew Oliver, who procured the act of incorporation; and of the Clarkes, Minots, and Brimmers, who owned the T. These all now enjoy the results of the forethought, energy, and public spirit of their renowned ancestry, — the sterling, thrifty, and industrious old merchants of the olden time of our metropolis.

The building of the Long Wharf was one of the grandest undertakings and achievements of its day. It was in by-

gone days one of the most distinguishing features of our ancient peninsula. Topographers and tourists speak of it with admiration and astonishment, and describe it with praise as a work to be wondered at in a settlement so young as was ours when it was accomplished. On all our old maps it makes a prominent appearance. Its long rows of substantial and useful buildings, and its wharf privileges, gave to our town a convenience and prestige for business that made it for many years the great commercial metropolis of the New World.

What, Mr. President, would the people of our ancient days—our own venerated ancestors—think of the thrift and energy of the present generation? Would they believe, sir, if they could look down upon us now and see, as we do, the advances we have made in improving their old territory, how we have reclaimed from the waters nearly half of our present habitable territory? Would they recognize the old town, the old pier, and the old streets? I think not. They knew nothing of the great central region of our country, nor of the great Pacific West. They did not dream that their Wharf was within the time of a few generations to be the terminal wharf of the long stretch between Boston and San Francisco, the eastern limit of the great iron chain that binds the Atlantic to the Pacific, and nearly half surrounds the habitable world. And yet, sir, the time may not be far distant when greater changes may come over our beloved city. We may yet see your own sanguine and reasonable hopes realized, and our whole inner harbor converted into a noble dock for our shipping; our neighboring towns united in a common destiny with our city, and extending their borders eastward until they nearly meet over the water, as a grander Barricado than that of our fathers; and our own grand old Boston Pier extending itself miles eastward to increase the facilities for

business, not only for our own city, but for our great and free country.

The last speaker of the evening was H. WELD FULLER, Esq., who said:—

MR. PRESIDENT,—I am not on the programme; and I had no intention of saying any thing to-night. But, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and the delightful utterances of others, always welcome and distinguished, I beg leave to add a word. Passing over the "*Field*" after the exhilarating "*Snow*" storm raised by our worthy collector, and the engagement of our "*Holmes*," I cannot, as a mere gleaner, find much to bring you. Nothing is probably expected. But, sir, the spirit of the occasion cannot be corked up, and it must break the silence I had intended to keep.

In your excellent opening remarks, Mr. President, you traced back the inception of our venerable structure to the year 1673; and we might well have called this the second instead of the first centennial, for its origin, uses, and changes have long been a part of our national history. Originally, Boston Harbor was known as the "Cove." From the foot of "Fleet Street" (next to Scarlett's Wharf, near Copp's Hill) at the north, to the South Battery, near Fort Hill, at the south, the inward sweep was almost a semi-circle; and from the middle of the arch the Boston Pier struck out as a radius upon the flats. In the Dutch and French wars, this wharf and the North and South Batteries were deemed essential points for the defence of the shipping and the protection of the town. On an old map the British flag is drawn flying from these three extremities! Two "barricados" were early made from the wharf towards the Batteries, one on either side; but

these were many feet nearer the shore than those last erected. In October, 1708, the "Great and General Court of Massachusetts," held at Boston, appointed the selectmen of Boston a committee to consider what measures were necessary to repair "the wall" or "out wharf" before "the cove in Boston," and to cause a new survey to be made of the flats and the "circular line to be staked out." Pursuant to this order, a new survey and plan was made soon afterwards by Jacob Sheafe, surveyor, and the "circular line" is thereon laid down in a broad red line. The old barricados or "outer walls" were fully drawn upon this map; and several hundred feet beyond them two new barricados (one north and the other south of Long Wharf) are laid down as new "barricados proposed" to be built. This map, as copied by Mr. Francis Jackson, may now be found at the rooms of the Historic Genealogical Society of our city. The plan is finely drawn and was highly satisfactory, and the town voted to build as proposed, and to accept the proposal of Oliver Noyes and his associates for its construction. The work was done and completed in 1709 and 1710; and, as Mr. Quincy has stated here, the general direction of these last-named barricados was nearly the same as our new Atlantic Avenue. Long Wharf and King Street (now State Street) had the same position in regard to the semi-circular cove and the barricados as the arrow has to a half-strained bow! This wharf was a great work for the times. Abbé Robbin, writing in 1781, describes Long Wharf as a "superb wharf, wide enough for stores, and about two thousand feet long."

The old surveyor, Bouner, on his map of 1722, represents Long Wharf with buildings far down towards the water. And Price, on his map of 1743, represents the end of it as fortified!

We can imagine what must have been the commerce of the country in 1709, when we know that in the contract for the construction of the last barricado it was provided that the spaces for the admission of vessels should be sixteen feet in width !

Nor can it be strictly said that Long Wharf was always useless as a battery ; for history declares that from this wharf was fired the shot which penetrated the upper works of Commodore Bank's ship, and induced him to make off with his fleet, he blowing up the lighthouse as he went !

This good old structure has not only protected and borne up goods and treasures of vast amount, but it has been often trodden by illustrious feet. Here it was that Governor Shirley, in 1745, after the reduction of Louisburg, made his brilliant entry ; and here it was that General Thomas Gage landed in May, 1774, with all the pomp and circumstance of a great chieftain, with gay troops and guards of honor. And it was from here that the fifth and thirty-eighth British regiments embarked for Breed's Hill, — many of them never to return.

It was off this wharf in the stream that Collingwood, afterwards so famous under Nelson, anchored and gave his orders. To this day every great procession and every gorgeous display must pass up State Street. And the place where of yore this outgrowth commenced, near to the old Cradle of Liberty, is still the favorite place of interest and observation.

But how the scene has changed ! ay, almost within the lifetime of some who hear me ! Within the last seventy-five years, large vessels have been built and launched where the discarded Custom House now stands, on Custom House Street ! And within less than half that time the water has flowed across Boston Neck. The few original

